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GOETHE — THE OLD VIEW AND THE NEW.

Lewes's life of Goethe is a landmark of our youth. It stands in memory like a mountain peak tinted from base to summit by the rays of the sinking sun, with crowns of colored clouds floating above it. It is the history of a conqueror, the epic of a god. Usually, literary biography, though fascinating, is sad,—as melancholy reading, Carlyle said, as the Newgate Calendar. It is almost always the story of a great soul in paltry surroundings—a record of struggles, aspirations, failures, partial successes, pitfalls, a night landscape only relieved by flashes of lightning or the remote glory of the stars. But in Lewes everything is rose-color. Here is a Prince Fortunatus to whose cradle all the good fairies thronged. His life is a royal progress; triumphal arches are erected everywhere for him. The divinity is visible in him, and everyone recognizes it. Men give him their good offices and women their hearts. It is all too good to be true; but it is eminently satisfying, like a novel where everything happens just as we wish it should.

The one feature of Lewes's book which perhaps gave it its vogue, and still thrills and inspires, is this: it is, apparently, the life of a free man. The most of us are bound, are tied hand and foot by poverty, by duties, by custom. Goethe, according to Lewes, did just about as he pleased. We look up from our drudgery and slavery at this resplendent apparition, flawless in all its phases of dawn, or meridian power, or serene sunset glory; and the spectacle does us good. That Goethe used his liberty nobly, that he moved mainly in goodness, is only what we should expect,—what we believe would happen to us were we relieved from the chains that hold us down. And there can be no question that Lewes hit upon the secret of Goethe's life—that Goethe's main effort was to develop himself as a free agent, to rid himself of the bonds of custom, the tyranny of outside interference with His Self.

After Lewes, there came a long line of German biographers—Grimm, Dünzter, and the rest, for the most part painstaking, laborious, dull. To the true German, truth lies in a well, and for fear of missing the right fountain

they dig holes all over the country. These historians and commentators rescued many minor facts and truths about Goethe's life; but no one of their books gives any new or special interpretation of that life, or can pretend to rank as literature with Lewes's splendid and daring work.

Now there comes a new biography, which has a definite intent, a novel interpretation, and one which, like Lewes's, is wrought to a single tone. The two are absolutely opposed. If Goethe in Lewes resembles Guido's picture of Dawn—Apollo preceded by the fluttering Hours—in Bielschowsky he is more like the drooping figure of the crucified Christ, lacerated and crowned with thorns. In Lewes, he is never sick or sorry or at fault. Bielschowsky shows him prostrated by grief and suffering, thwarted in his ambitions, flying from society in deep misanthropy, misunderstood by his friends, ignored by the public. He shows the man who claimed that in his whole life he had never had one week of happiness. He shows him like a Christian flagellant baring his back to the scourge because of his relations to women, revenging his lost loves by painting his own character in the darkest hues in the heroes of many of his plays and novels—the weak Weislingen, the cowardly Clavigo, the unstable Egmont. Lewes is always up before the day to help Hyperion to his horse, but Bielschowsky dismounts his hero from his high steed and makes him walk the earth like the rest of us. It is the treatment of Euripides after that of *Æschylus*. Instead of Orestes in his tragic mask and the Furies with their snaky hair, we get domestic scenes and Electra at the wash-tub.

Unquestionably, Bielschowsky's method of dealing with his subject is more human and more humane than that of Lewes. But is not his method a product of our present and possibly passing mode of thought? Our age is anti-patriarchian—it is resolute to do justice to woman, to the poor, to the lower animals. It finds a higher pathos, a greater grandeur in Millet's Potato-diggers than in Marius brooding over the ruins of Carthage. It is doubtful whether such beliefs will hold. Greatness must regain its place in human imaginations. Take Goethe's entanglement with women, about which Bielschowsky does not spare him, and for which he represents Goethe as unsparing in self-condemnation. Would any one of the girls or women whom Goethe loved have chosen to have lost the Goethe episode out of her life? His love was their crown of honor; it brought them regard and consideration and immortality. One and all, they would have rejected with disdain the thought

of parting with the memory of it. There is a legend in the *Rāmāyana* so pat to this point that it is worth repeating. The Brides of Indra, the god of the sky, grew weary of his love,—alternating, as the sky does, with extremes of heat and cold, light and darkness, tempest and calm. So they ran away from him, and, descending to the earth, wandered long, until they came to the country of the *Uttarakurus*. Here they found a monotony of pleasing life. The climate was equable, so that they needed hardly any shelter, the trees yielded fruits at all seasons, the people were pleasant and unperturbed. They resigned themselves to the luxurious comfort of the place, and the days glided on, one like another. But presently the memory awoke in them of that old home, of the burning joy of Indra's embraces, of the splendors, the tempests, the exultations and the agonies they had known. Their calm security and comfort became intolerable to them; but, alas! they had exiled themselves from that loftier life.

It is curious that while Lewes aggrandises and Bielschowsky minimizes the personality of Goethe, the exact reverse is the case with their judgment on his literary work. Lewes's criticism is cool, sane, temperate. He hardly admits any part of Goethe's production, save the first half of *Faust* and the lyrics, to be of supreme importance. Of Goethe as a dramatist, he says that with a large infusion of Schiller's blood he might have been a *Shakespeare*. Bielschowsky writes with indiscriminate eulogy of everything that came from Goethe's hand. He is utterly without comparative criticism. Each piece is described, analyzed, judged as if it stood by itself in the world—was the only specimen of its kind in existence.

It seems to me that all opinion outside of Germany practically echoes the judgments of Goethe's first biographer. Is it true, for instance, as Bielschowsky seems to urge, that "*Werther*" is a classic of high rank? Historically, it is most important. It was the first prodigy of the storm and stress in Germany, and the parent of a vast brood of portentous monsters throughout Europe. But reading it to-day as a mere piece of literature, it seems slight and trivial—not to be compared with many preceding or contemporaneous English or French novels. Similarly, "*Götz von Berlichingen*" is a pioneer production in historical study, but it is certainly not equal in art and interest to much that has been done since; "*Egmont*," "*Tasso*," "*Iphigenia*," are admirable dramatic studies, but they are not dramas. Bielschowsky analyses "*Hermann und Dorothea*"

as if it were a new "Iliad" or "Paradise Lost"; but charming as the poem is in its rich realism, it can claim only a place with the best modern idylls. Wordsworth surpasses it in profundity and Tennyson in beauty; and "Paul and Virginia," though in prose, has had a far wider success. The second part of "Faust" is good exercise for the wits of those people who take their poetry hard, but it is formless, amorphous, unfused. Probably Goethe's greatest books, after "Faust" and the lyrics, are "Wilhelm Meister," "Dichtung und Wahrheit," and the *Conversations with Eckermann*. The creative power in the first two of these ranks Goethe with the greatest novelists—hardly with the greatest poets. The criticism in Eckermann, and indeed throughout the multitude of Goethe's papers and letters, makes him the first of the discursive type of critics. He had not the central ideas or the gift of sequence of Aristotle or Lessing. And he had to the full the German power of platitude, the gift of discovering mare's nests. There is a discussion of one of his own Märchen, in Eckermann, which is almost sublime in its solemn inanity.

Goethe's usual attitude toward his own work was one of unaffected modesty. He said of Molière, "It is well for little men like us to recur often to the works of the masters." And when his enemies tried to place Tieck on a pedestal equal to his own, he said that the effort was as foolish as it would be for him to claim equality with Shakespeare, who was an incomparably greater power than himself.

Yet there was a time when Goethe exhibited a pomp and prodigality of creative force, an enthusiasm and fire, which bade fair to place him beside the greatest of all poets. In the Frankfort period, when the lyrics fell from his lips like the diamonds and pearls from the mouth of the maiden in the fairy tale, when "Faust" took form like autumn clouds collecting from the mist at the bidding of the wind; when the fragments of "Prometheus," "Mahomet," "The Wandering Jew," were whirled off like rings from a swiftly condensing nebula,—then he was a great poet; then he was all poet. Had he chosen to have kept on with this kind of production, had he dedicated his life to the Muse, it is impossible to say to what heights he might have risen. But he took another path—a path that led to decorations and power, and of course to temporary usefulness and worldly duty well done. He became the Courtier, the Minister, and for many years poetry was little more than a pastime for him. The Muse will stand anything—

except to be patronized. She will make up to a peasant like Burns, or a thief like Villon. You may beat her and starve her and quarrel with her, and she will be faithful. But treat her *de haut en bas* and she flies your house. Goethe became the great man of affairs, and then the cool rationalizing student and critic of men and art; but the inexplicable gleam of imagination, the inevitable speech of inspiration, left him,—not all at once, but slowly and surely. He grew less and less a poet, as Shakespeare grew more and more one.

It is with Shakespeare, of course, that he must be measured. He outranks all other moderns, if only by reason of the wonderful dream reality of Faust. As compared with Shakespeare, he utterly fails in the creation of men—leaving out Mephistopheles, who is an improvement on Iago. Shakespeare's gallery of male portraits is unequalled in literature. From the highest to the lowest, from King Lear and Hamlet to Falstaff and Justice Shallow, the whole range of human intellect, the whole exhibition of human character in action, are there. How can the weak and shambling figures of Goethe—Weislingen, Clavigo, Egmont, Wilhelm, Faust himself—come into competition with Shakespeare's vital and virile types?

It is with his female creations that Goethe runs Shakespeare hardest,—and no one else in modern literature is in the race with them. He pierces perhaps as deep into the woman mystery as his predecessor, but he lacks his variety and splendor. Philina is as true a study of the baggage of easy virtue as Cressida or Cleopatra; but how she pales beside them! Marguerite and Clärchen are as impassioned and devoted as Juliet or Imogen, but they are not as full and rich. And the type of womanhood which we associate most with Shakespeare—the young girl, pure as crystal, but gay, daring, witty—this is entirely out of Goethe's list.

In the gift of design—the faculty that looks before and after, that fuses a work of art into one flaming whole, that tones it to one tune—here (always omitting "Faust") Goethe is sadly to seek. Nearly all his works depend for their effect on single scenes or passages or characters half detached from the canvas. Nature worked more powerfully in Goethe than art. As he rejected the beliefs in design and special creation in the world—as he was an Evolutionist in science, a Neptunist rather than a Plutonist in geology—so in literature he preferred to let his creations arise spontaneously from his mind, rather than consciously to mould and arrange

them for a predetermined effect. And in speech he preferred the ordinary sentences of human conversation to the buskin phrases of the tragedians or the weighted and involved words of the epic poets. In all this he was the precursor of the modern school, and Count Tolstoi and Mr. Howells should rise up and call him blessed. But if we look back on literature we shall find that the things that have lasted best are those that have been best put together, that art and style are not negligible quantities. Goethe, indeed, strove after art and style with all his heart and soul, but he had not the instinct for them.

The friends of Goethe will perhaps put most stress on his position as a teacher of mankind. And there is a vast amount of wisdom in his works — wisdom of the sagacious, prudent, low-flying quality which we find in the essays of Lord Bacon or the proverbs of Franklin. "Here or nowhere is America" is a remarkable saying — but it would kill off the Columbuses. "Let every man sweep the street before his own door" is good sense — but it is also narrow selfishness. On the other hand, there is throughout Shakespeare's works a high spirit, a nobleness, a generosity and largeness of soul, both in the gnomic utterances and in the pictures of life, for which we look in vain in the literature of his more sober and prosaic rival. This pomp and prodigality of heaven must for all time appeal to the young, the ardent, the high-minded, while Goethe's sagacity will make him the favorite of those who do not expect too much of man or life.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF POE.

An unpublished letter of Edgar Allan Poe has come into the possession of THE DIAL, which now gives it for the first time in print. The original letter is the property of Mrs. A. H. Heulings, daughter of the late Rev. Hastings Weld, long time the Rector at Moorestown, New Jersey. Mr. Weld in early life was a well-known poet, story-writer, and essayist. He was one of the band of bright men who made things lively and interesting in the journals and periodicals of the forties. His "Corrected Proofs," a volume of light sketches and poems, has much the same quality as the work of N. P. Willis. Later in life he edited a collection of religious poems, which was popular. He was co-editor with Willis of "Brother Jonathan." One incident of his career is illustrative of the literary amenities of that day. In an article of his he had quoted a single stanza

from a poem of N. P. Willis. The latter sued him for fifty dollars!

The Poe letter is written on a single sheet of letter-paper in the poet's clear and regular handwriting. It is characteristically Poesque in its elaborate courtesy and in the touch of temper at the end. Presumably Mr. Weld had been attacking Poe for some of his critical articles. The letter is as follows:

Philadelphia, August 14, 1841.

HASTINGS WELD, Esqr.,

Dear Sir:—The proprietor of a weekly paper in this city is about publishing an article (to be written partly by myself) on the subject of American Autography. The design is three-fold: first, to give the Autograph signature — that is, a fac-simile in woodcut — of each of our most distinguished literati; second, to maintain that the character is, to a certain extent, indicated by the chirography; and thirdly, to embody, under each Autograph, some literary gossip about the individual, with a brief critical comment on his writings.

My object in addressing you now is to request that you would favor me with your own Autograph, in a reply to this letter. I would be greatly obliged to you, also, could you make it convenient to give me a brief summary of your literary career.

We are still in want of the Autographs of Sprague, Hoffman, Dawes, Bancroft, Emerson, Whittier, R. A. Locke, and Stephens, the traveller. If among your papers you have the Autographs of either of these gentlemen (the signature will suffice), and will permit me to have an engraving taken from it, I will endeavor to reciprocate the obligation in any manner which you may suggest.

Should you grow weary, at any time, of abusing me in the "Jonathan" for speaking what no man knows to be truth better than yourself, it would give me sincere pleasure to cultivate the friendship of the author of "Corrected Proofs." In the meantime, I am

Very resp'y. Yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

The signature of Mr. Weld, and all but two of the others asked for in the article, — whether furnished by Mr. Weld or not, it is now impossible to say, — duly appeared in the promised article. It was entitled "A Chapter on Autography," was originally printed in three parts, and may be examined in the standard edition of Poe's collected works. It reproduces in facsimile the autographs of a hundred literary celebrities of the day — and in many cases of that day only. These signatures serve Poe as tags on which to hang an equal number of those snap-shot cock-sure literary judgments which it was always his delight to evolve. Indeed, so anxious is he to play the critic that the proof of his pet theory that the handwriting shows the man speedily becomes a minor matter; and once at least — in the case of Mr. Rufus Dawes — in his desire to characterize the author's longer poems as "pompous nonsense" he ignores the question of chirography altogether.

Most of the *literati* whose signatures appear in Poe's article must have read it with considerable annoyance, unless they were blest with a sense of

humor strong enough to enjoy the extravagancies and contradictions of their critic's temperament. Of Washington Irving he coolly says:

"Mr. Irving has travelled much, has seen many vicissitudes, and has been so thoroughly sated with fame as to grow slovenly in the performance of his literary tasks. This slovenliness has affected his handwriting. But even from his earlier manuscripts there is little to be gleaned, except the ideas of simplicity and precision."

The manuscript of W. C. Bryant, he admits with rather unusual candor,

"Puts us entirely at fault. It is one of the most commonplace clerk's hands which we ever encountered, and has no character about it beyond that of the day-book and the ledger. . . . The picturesque, to be sure, is equally deficient in his chirography and in his poetical productions."

But it is when Poe comes to Emerson, whose autograph he relegates to the very end of his article, that he is most diverting. Thus he flouts our New England Jove:

"His [Emerson's] present rôle seems to be out-Carlyling Carlyle. . . . The best answer to his twaddle is *cui bono?* . . . Several of his effusions appeared in the 'Western Messenger' — more in the 'Dial' of which he is the soul — or the sun — or the shadow. . . . His manuscript is bad, sprawling, illegible, and irregular — although sufficiently bold. This latter trait may be, and no doubt is, only a portion of his general affection."

Mr. Howells, in his book recounting his early experiences in Boston, records that on his first visit to Emerson he happened to mention Poe, whereupon the philosopher, after a moment's pause as though he were trying to recall the name, said, "Oh, you mean the jingle man?" In this exchange of amenities, Emerson's characterization certainly had the advantage of brevity; but which was widest of the mark, it would be hard to say.

CASUAL COMMENT.

SOME FRESH REMINISCENCES OF THACKERAY have been making their appearance in print of late. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, though he never met the great novelist, was for years a sympathetic listener to stories about him. From the Old Centurions of New York, whose testimony was unanimous, he learned that Thackeray was "big, hearty, and very human." "They didn't find him playing the lion the least little bit," adds Mr. Reid, "and we may hope he didn't find us playing the spread eagle too much. They pointed out the corner in the Century Club where he used to sit exchanging literary chat, or, in Yankee parlance, 'swapping stories,' with a group of clubmen about him. They could tell you years afterwards what had been Thackeray's favorite chair, and some had even been so observant of the least trifles about the great man as to know what particular concoction in a club tumbler had been his favorite 'night-cap.'" The late Professor Masson left some reminiscences, recorded by his daughter, which are now appearing in an English magazine. Of his early acquaintance with Thackeray he speaks at some length, and incidentally tells a story touchingly illustrative of his kindness of heart. An Irish friend, an improvident fellow to whom he had lent money more often and more generously than he could well afford, at last begged his help in getting an article accepted by "Fraser's Mag-

azine," to which Thackeray regularly contributed. At considerable inconvenience, and only by withholding his own monthly contribution, the good-natured Englishman succeeded in gratifying the unthrifty Irishman. Soon after the article had been published, a correspondent exposed it as a gross piece of plagiarism, much to Fraser's annoyance, and even more to Thackeray's. But the light-hearted Celt, confronted with the proof of his literary rascality, only laughed heartily at it all as a good joke. And the man he had injured and deceived could not find it in his heart to give over loving him as a most delightful and typical specimen of the Hibernian. Things of this sort, added to what Fitzgerald has said of his old friend in his letters, make it impossible for us to doubt that there really once lived such a man as William Makepeace Thackeray.

AN ENGLISH OPINION OF "THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE" is entertainingly given in the current "Bookman" (New York). Mr. Charles Whibley, who has for about a year been making merry over the many strange things he saw and heard in this country, now delivers a criticism of our spoken idiom, which he finds curiously like, and at the same time curiously unlike, the language of his own land. Most surprising to us hurried and incoherent abusers of oral speech must be the Englishman's discovery that "America, with the true instinct of democracy, is determined to give all parts of speech an equal chance. . . . And so it is that the native American hangs upon the small words; he does not clip and sheer the unimportant vocables, and what his tongue loses in colour it gains in distinctness." Yet, times without number, we have been told that we clip and slur, elide and suppress, maiming and mangling our words beyond recognition; and that we cannot pronounce even the name of our country, America, in all its four syllables. Mr. Whibley, furthermore, denies that we speak through the nose: "it is rather a drawl," he says, "that afflicts the ear, than a nasal twang." Our slang and our love of hyperbole he dislikes, very naturally, and also our fondness for "long, flat, cumulous collections of syllables, as 'locate,' 'operate,' 'antagonise,' 'transportation,' 'commutation,' and 'proposition.'" Of these "base coins of language," the last on the list he calls "America's maid of all work," and adds that "it means everything or nothing. It may be masculine, feminine, or neuter — he, she, it. It is tough or firm, cold or warm, according to circumstances. But it has no more sense than an expletive, and its popularity is a clear proof of a starved imagination." Our picturesque "fall" (the season) he likes, but he shows himself a somewhat inaccurate observer in saying that "autumn" is unknown with us. Among reading Americans it is about as common as the shorter word.

OUR HOMELY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MANNERS are pleasantly pictured in a rather remarkable diary of travel written (not for publication) by a certain Alexander Hamilton, M.D., and now printed in a limited edition for private circulation by Mr. William K. Bixby, the St. Louis bibliophile, to whom a small circle of book-lovers are already indebted for various other literary curiosities. Of Dr. Hamilton little is known. Born in Scotland, and coming to this country at some time after he had "learnt pharmacy" of an Edinburgh surgeon, he settled at Annapolis, where he practised his profession, but was forced by illness in 1744 to travel in search of health. Leaving home on the 30th of May he journeyed northeastward

in a leisurely and zigzag course as far as Portsmouth and New Castle, arriving home again on the 27th of September, after covering a total distance of 1624 miles. "Among the numerous journals and narratives of travel during the Colonial period," says Professor Albert Bushnell Hart in a preface to the book, "few are so lively and so full of good-humored comment on people and customs as the *Itinerarium* of Dr. Hamilton." This is well; for of unamiable pictures of early American civilization there is a sufficiency. Yet even our pleasant doctor was at times not exactly gallant toward the fair sex, though we need not judge of his conduct from the language of his diary. At Albany, he tells us, a friend "introduced me into about twenty or thirty houses, where I went thro' the farce of kissing most of the women, a manner of salutation which is expected from strangers coming there. This might almost pass for a penance, for the generality of women here, both old and young, are remarkably ugly." In Philadelphia and New York he shows himself somewhat critical of the ladies; but in Boston he deigned to be pleased with the daughters of a Mrs. Blackater — who was from Scotland, however, which, perhaps, made all the difference. He finds fault, not unnaturally, with the night-cap as an article of daily wear. Worsted night-caps were common, and linen night-caps were "much worn in all the churches and meetings of America that I have been in, unless it be those of Boston, where they are more decent and polite in their dress." The visitor was amused at the embarrassment of two Philadelphians who appeared at a Boston dinner in linen night-caps. These evidences of superior refinement and culture in the Boston of a hundred and sixty years ago are interesting. Whatever the rest of the country might have been, Boston was no white-cotton-night-cap country.

THE MOVING OF SHAKESPEARE'S BONES (despite the epitaphic curse pronounced upon the hardy digger of the poet's dust) and the re-interment of those bones in Westminster Abbey is periodically agitated; and this appears to be one of the periodical years. Not untimely in this connection are Washington Irving's words of nearly a century ago, to be found in his "Sketch-Book." He says, toward the end of his essay on Stratford-on-Avon: "As I crossed the bridge over the Avon on my return, I paused to contemplate the distant church in which the poet lies buried, and could not but exult in the malediction which has kept his ashes undisturbed in its quiet and hallowed vaults. What honour could his name have derived from being mingled in dusty companionship with the epitaphs and escutcheons and venal eulogiums of a titled multitude? What would a crowded corner in Westminster Abbey have been, compared with this reverend pile, which seems to stand in beautiful loneliness as his sole mansoleum!" Even more pertinent is an earlier passage in the same essay: it seems to prove the proposed scheme impossible, in addition to its undesirability. "A few years ago," writes Irving, "as some labourers were digging to make an adjoining vault, the earth caved in, so as to leave a vacant space almost like an arch, through which one might have reached into his grave. No one, however, presumed to meddle with the remains so awfully guarded by a malediction, and lest any of the idle or the curious, or any collector of relics, should be tempted to commit depredations, the old sexton kept watch over the place for two days, until the vault was finished and the aperture closed again. He told me that he had made bold to

look in at the hole, but could see neither coffin nor bones; nothing but dust." What visible and tangible "remains," then, will there be to move, if the moving is ever attempted? The difficulties of exhumation and identification recently encountered in the Druce Case are as nothing compared with such an attempt to dis-inter and re-bury, with due ceremony of solemn pomp, what is probably nothing now but a mouldy void, a mildewed emptiness. . . .

LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM are neither mutually inclusive nor mutually exclusive; but they are strangely jumbled and as strangely contrasted in a recent address by Mr. H. G. Wells before the Institute of Journalists, in London. All good literature he declares to be a form of journalism, made for the hour and destined, according to the laws of life and literature, to disappear with the hour. He also pronounces literature to be doomed and journalism destined to take its place, at the same time lamenting his fate in not being a journalist. Does he, by this lamentation, mean that his own books differ from "all good literature" in not being "a form of journalism, destined to disappear with the hour"? Does he deplore such elements of permanent worth as may be contained in "The Time Machine," "The War of the Worlds," and other ingenious romances of his? This fabricator of more than up-to-date fiction protests against the blind worship of a dead past, calling it a "cant of the day" to depreciate the present in comparison with antiquity. The only difference he can see between literature and journalism is that "journalism does not pretend to immortality, and literature does"; and, further, he says that "literature or classics are things of the past. We no longer produce them. The industry has died out" — and he is glad it has, apparently. For he asks, "What is the typist, the city clerk, or the self-educated working-man to make of Ben Jonson or 'The Faerie Queene'?" Nothing, probably, if he is content to remain a mere typist or clerk or working-man. In one of his lectures, Thomas Davidson used to speak with hearty contempt of "the self-satisfied smile of Philistine superiority" with which many persons proclaim their indifference to the permanent things of the mind, their meaning simply being, "We are stupid, low, grovelling fools, and we are proud of it." It is almost such a smile that we see on the lips of this praiser of things that "disappear with the hour."

✓ THE MYTH-MAKING PROPENSITY OF CHILDREN is never more strongly appealed to than at the holiday season, in connection with the Santa-Claus fiction; and annually there recurs the never-ending discussion, among well-meaning but unimaginative adults, whether the good saint ought to be allowed a longer lease of life. But a character so celebrated in song and story, and with so firm a hold on youthful fancy, may laugh defiance at these yearly threats to forbid his approach to the Christmas-eve stocking. The editor of a certain religious journal, far from joining in the outcry against Santa Claus as a promoter of pernicious make-believe and untruth-telling, has a sensible word to say in his defense. "There need be no difficulty in dealing with Santa Claus and the children," he declares, "if one remembers that the children are natural poets and myth-makers. . . . We know a family in which for many years the plain truth about Santa Claus and Saint Nicholas has been told, and yet the children have got all the pleasure that those mythical characters could give. In the presence of the children the father of the

family arrayed himself in fitting disguise as a venerable old man, and then, as he added the last touch, the children's imagination did the rest, and he was, as by a miracle, changed before their eyes from the familiar person they knew into the Saint Nicholas of tradition and story. The plan had several advantages: the truth was told, the children were delighted with their share in the transformation, and there was no after-thought of doubt and disappointment. Children are adepts in the art of make-believe, and resent it when their elders do not let them share the secrets of the process." It is a truism that the child dislikes to have his make-believe rendered too easy for him. He knows, or more often she knows, that the rag baby is put together out of calico and sawdust; but it gives more genuine and lasting satisfaction than the finest wax doll from the toy-shop. The prosaic truth is all well enough in its own time and season; but it doesn't count in the land of make-believe.

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY DICKENS is recognized by a noted French critic in the author of "Joseph Vance" and "Alice-for-Short." M. T. de Wyewa, writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on "The English Novel in 1907," chooses one newer and several older novelists for comment and criticism. The newer one is Mr. William De Morgan. Readers of Mr. Chesterton's book on Dickens will remember that he predicted the survival of Dickens's name and fame to the overshadowing of all other nineteenth-century English authors. The French critic inclines to agree with his English contemporary in expecting Dickens to have an increasing vogue, and he hails with satisfaction a possible, or he would seem to say a probable, successor to his kingdom. The predominantly Dickensian quality of Mr. De Morgan's two published works is, the Frenchman thinks, *warmth*. This fervor contrasts strongly with the more or less studied coldness of other current English novels. The author has his heart and head on fire while he creates, and the reader receives an indefinable sensation of heat. The characters and events are believed in by their creator, and readers are forced to believe in them too. M. de Wyewa admits faults of style and execution, lack of originality in the adventures related, an absence of moral and psychological qualities of value in the books,—in short, the stories have no precisely definable merits of any sort; and yet he defies anyone to read them without an impression of *tendre douceur de grace vivante*, and of *jeune gaité*. This coronation of a successor to Dickens is a little early—more than a little early, in fact; but perhaps the Frenchman's removal in space from Anglo-Saxon soil may be accounted equivalent to a considerable remove in time from the present in which we ourselves judge of Mr. De Morgan.

A NEW TITLE TO INTELLECTUAL LEADERSHIP has been acquired by Boston in Senator Tillman's assertion that it is "the head-centre of all devilment." This "golden opinion" will do to go with the oft-repeated charge from less "advanced" districts that the home of Channing and Parker and Phillips Brooks is a running sore of skepticism in religion, a hotbed of heresy in the things of the faith. Over against this adverse criticism, however, as a Boston writer has recently pointed out, is to be set Mr. Howells's well-considered opinion that "most of our right-thinking, our high-thinking, still begins there [in Boston] and qualifies the thinking of the country at large. The good causes, the generous

causes, are first befriended there." One likes to see that Mr. Howells, though he long ago left Boston to try "a hazard of new fortunes" in New York, is still true to his early love, the city that greeted and smiled upon the young Western poet and romancer when he entered its gates in quest of fame and fortune. Nor must we forget that earlier devout tribute of Emerson's, contained (we believe) in a letter to Whittier, wherein he declared that when he opened his eyes in the morning and thanked God that he was alive, he also thanked him especially "that I live so near Boston."

AN ENGLISH CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS is suggested, curiously enough, just at the time when England is making a strenuous effort to disembarass herself of her absurd and discredited censorship of the stage. And this proposed return to mediæval methods was the suggestion of no fanatical pulpit-pounder or religious enthusiast, but of an English author, and one too whose familiarity with stage folk and stage history must have impressed him with the foolishness of dramatic censorship as now conducted in his own country. It was at an Authors' Club dinner in London that Mr. Bram Stoker put forward this plan of his, saying, in anticipation of objections, that it is always the thieves and Hooligans who cry "Down with the police!" and it is the immoral writers who object to a censor. Not so altogether; an innocent man does not enjoy being searched for stolen goods, and an inoffensive traveller is not made happy by having his trunk turned topsy-turvy in quest of dutiable articles which he has already declared it does not contain. Men cannot be legislated into morality, nor will governmental paternalism hasten the coming of the millennium.

A FAMOUS AND SUCCESSFUL BOOKSELLER, whose name is a household word to book-lovers, and whose rise from apprenticeship to mastership in his trade is as interesting as a romance, is made the subject, or a part of the subject, of a current magazine article entitled "Bernard Quaritch and Others." Mr. Quaritch, German by birth, came to England and served his apprenticeship under Bohn (of blessed memory to unwilling delvers in classic lore). When he decided to open a bookshop of his own, his master exclaimed with a snort: "I like your impudence! I'd have you know I'm the first bookseller in England." "Yes," returned the unabashed junior, "but I'm going to be the first bookseller in Europe." And he was true to his word. Starting with next to no capital, he soon became "the boldest wolf in the pack." He let nothing escape him that he wanted. Money seemed to be no consideration with him when he was after a rare first edition or a precious manuscript. One of his Mazarine Bibles he valued at eleven thousand pounds.

THE RETIREMENT OF A VETERAN FRENCH EDITOR, M. Henri Rochefort of *L'Intransigeant*, is announced. The name of the paper, the very sound of it as heard in the newsboy's shrill call, well denotes the character of its editor and his editorials. Aggressive and uncompromising, he appeared to be never so much in his element as when vigorously assailing men in high places. It is not strange that he became familiar with prison life from the inside of stone walls and iron bars, that he passed some years in exile, and that he was challenged to many a passage at arms on the field of honor. Being now seventy-six years old, he may well feel entitled to a rest from his strenuous labors; but lovers of a journalistic style at once vigorous and picturesque will regret his relinquishment of the editorial pen.

The New Books.

THE ROMANCE AND POETRY OF PROVENCE.*

On the appearance of Frédéric Mistral's "Mirèio" in 1859, Lamartine hailed its author, then only twenty-eight years old, as the Homer of his native land, and Adolphe Dumas styled him the Virgil of Provence. Honors and titles have ever since been offered him — some accepted, but perhaps more refused — and it was not long before his great epic enjoyed the distinction of translation into other and more widely known tongues. Miss Harriet Waters Preston's English version, published in Boston in 1872, has long been familiar to American and British readers. Of the poet himself, his fair land of Provence, its folk-lore and its dialect, much has been written, in periodicals and in books, by Miss Preston herself as well as by Mr. Janvier, Mr. Arthur Symons, the Pennells (collaborating with pen and pencil), Mr. C. T. Brooks, Alphonse Daudet, and others. Of the movement known as *Félibrige*, started by Joseph Roumanille, but more properly and more closely associated with the name of Mistral, it may be well to give here a little account before taking up the early life of him who has made the word *Félibre* familiar to the reading world. In the "Memoirs of Mistral," as translated by Miss Maud from the poet's "Mes Origines," it is told how seven poets of Provence had assembled on the 21st of May, 1854, in the full tide of spring and youth, at the château of Font-Ségugne, when it was proposed, in view of the failure thus far of the young school of Avignon patriots to rehabilitate the Provençal tongue, that these seven should "band together and take the enterprise in hand."

"And now," said Glaup, "as we are forming a new body we must have a new name. The old one of 'minstrel' will not do, as every rhymer, even he who has nothing to rhyme about, adopts it. That of troubadour is no better, for, appropriated to designate the poets of a certain period, it has been tarnished by abuse. We must find something new."

"Then I took up the speech. 'My friends,' said I, 'in an old country legend I believe we shall find the predestined name.' And I proceeded: 'His Reverence Saint-Anselme, reading and writing one day from the Holy Scriptures, was lifted up into the highest heaven. Seated near the Infant Christ he beheld the Holy Virgin. Having saluted the aged saint, the Blessed Virgin continued her discourse to her Infant Son, relat-

ing how she came to suffer for His sake seven bitter wounds.' Here I omitted the recital of the wounds until I came to the following passage: 'The fourth wound that I suffered for Thee, O my precious Son, it was when I lost Thee, and seeking three days and three nights found Thee not until I entered the Temple, where Thou wast disputing with the scribes of the Law, with the seven 'Félibres' of the Law.'"

At this phrase, "the seven 'Félibres' of the Law," the seven young men cried out in chorus: "Félibre is the name!" Then followed, from one after another, the suggestion of various derivative terms, as "félibrerie," to denote a branch of Félibres numbering not fewer than seven members; "félibriser," meaning to meet together as the seven at Font-Ségugne were then doing; "félibrée," a festival of Provençal poets; "félibréen," an adjective descriptive of the new association and its aims, and so on. The conjectural derivation of *Félibre*, from *faire* and *livre*, may be referred to in passing. The task of compiling a dictionary of the *Langue d'Oc* was assumed by Mistral himself, and completed after twenty years of devoted labor. Of this "Treasury of the Félibres" it has been said, by a competent judge:

"The history of a people is contained in this book. No one can ever know what devotion, knowledge, discrimination and intuition such a work represents, undertaken and concluded as it was during the twenty best years of a poet's life. All the words of the Oc language in its seven different dialects, each one compared with its equivalent in the Latin tongue, all the proverbs and idioms of the South, together with every characteristic expression either in use or long since out of vogue, make up this incomparable Thesaurus of a tenacious language, which is no more dead to-day than it was three hundred years ago, and which is now reconquering the hearts of all the faithful."

But it is not for the completing of his dictionary that the world has of late had occasion to admire and applaud this poet-lexicographer; but for his quiet refusal of a seat among the Immortals of the French Academy, when, contrary to all precedent, the vacant chair was pressed upon him without previous solicitation on his part. Last year, too, he received the Nobel prize for patriotic literature — a prize that has been devoted by him to the cause dearest to his heart as a citizen of Provence. The gift from Sweden has gone toward the purchase of an ancient palace in Arles, to be known hereafter as the Félibréan Museum, and to take the place of the small and inadequate building now occupied by the collection of Provençal antiquities and curiosities.

The little village of Maillane, situated in the midst of a wide and fertile plain, is the scene of M. Mistral's childhood and youth. His early

* MEMOIRS OF MISTRAL. Rendered into English by Constance Elisabeth Maud. With lyrics from the Provençal by Alma Strettell (Mrs. Lawrence Harrison). Illustrated. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

life here, and in the near vicinity at school, is delightfully pictured in the volume of memoirs now first offered to English and American readers two years after their translation into French from the still earlier Provençal original. They cover only the years from 1830 to 1859,—that is, from the poet's birth up to the publication of his best-known work. He was the only child of his father's second marriage, a marriage pleasingly pastoral and romantic as described in the *Memoirs*.

"One summer's day on the Feast of St. John, Master François Mistral stood in the midst of his cornfields watching the harvesters as they mowed down the crop with their sickles. A troop of women followed the labourers, gleaning the ears of corn which escaped the *rake*. Among them my father noticed one, a handsome girl, who lingered shyly behind as though afraid to glean like the rest. Going up to her he inquired: 'Who are you, pretty one? What is your name?'

"'I am the daughter of Étienne Poulinet,' the young girl replied, 'the Mayor of Maillane. My name is Delaïde.'

"'Does the daughter of Master Poulinet, Mayor of Maillane, come, then, to glean?' asked my father in surprise.

"'Sir, we are a large family,' she answered, 'six daughters and two sons; and our father, though he is fairly well off, when we ask him for pocket-money to buy pretty clothes, tells us we must go and earn it. That is why I have come here to glean.'

"Six months after this meeting, which recalls the old biblical scene between Ruth and Boaz, the brave yeoman asked the Mayor of Maillane for his daughter's hand in marriage; and I was born of their union."

The scenes of country life and domestic happiness depicted in the *Memoirs* have all the fresh beauty and simplicity that might have been expected from the pen that drew them. The lack of any word for "home" in the French language, and the common but hasty inference that home-life also, at its best, is unknown to the people of France, seem strange enough to one reading again and again in French memoirs the homely and touching accounts of family life and family joys and sorrows. Taine's early years at Vouziers and the tender relations existing between him and his mother have recently been described; and now we have a still more charming picture of happy and affectionate domestic life in a Provençal farming community. Equally effective is the writer's presentation of the primitive agricultural methods of those unsophisticated peasant farmers of a day that is fled. Before introducing the scene of peace and innocence that he associates with his boyhood, he refers with sorrow to the invasion of American methods and American machinery.

"Now at harvest time the plains are covered with a

kind of monster spider and gigantic crab, which scratch up the ground with their claws, and cut down the grain with cutlasses, and bind the sheaves with wire; then follow other monsters snorting steam, a sort of Tarascon dragon who seizes on the fallen wheat, cuts the straw, sifts the grain, and shakes out the ears of corn. All this is done in latest American style, a dull matter of business, with never a song to make toil a gladness, amid a whirl of noise, dust, and hideous smoke, and the constant dread, if you are not constantly on the watch, that the monster will snap off one of your limbs. This is Progress, the fatal Reaper, against whom it is useless to contend, bitter result of science, that tree of knowledge whose fruit is both good and evil.

Contrast with this the simple ways of those earlier tillers of the soil of whom the poet's father was one. The word "corn" is of course to be taken in the generic, not the specific or American, sense.

"As in the days of Cincinnatus, Cato, and Virgil, we reaped with the sickle, the fingers of the right hand protected by a shield of twisted reeds or rushes. . . . Every day at dawn the reapers ranged themselves in line, and so soon as the chief had opened out a pathway through the cornfield all glistening with morning dew, they swung their blades, and as they slowly advanced down fell the golden corn. The sheaf-binders, most of whom were young girls in the freshness of their youthful bloom, followed after, bending low over the fallen grain, laughing and jesting with a gaiety it rejoiced one's heart to see. Then as the sun appeared bathing the sky all rosy red and sending forth a glory of golden rays, the chief, raising high in the air his scythe, would cry, 'Hail to the new day,' and all the scythes would follow suit. Having thus saluted the newly risen sun, again they fell to work, the cornfield bowing down as they advanced with rhythmic harmonious movement of their bare arms. . . . It was in this company, the grand sun of Provence streaming down on me as I lay full length beneath a willow-tree, that I learnt to pipe such songs as 'Les Moissons' and others in 'Les Iles d' Or.'

Although the son of Master François Mistral was sent away to learn his Latin and afterward to study law, he seems never for a moment to have proposed for himself the practice of the profession for which he had made these preliminary studies. But rather, when he reached the age of one-and-twenty, it was his resolve "first, to raise and revivify in Provence the sentiment of race that I saw being annihilated by the false and unnatural education of all the schools, secondly, to promote that resurrection by the restoration of the native and historic language of the country, against which the schools waged war to the death; and lastly, to make that language popular by illuminating it with the divine flame of poetry." And on a later page he says: "So it came to pass that I abandoned, once and for all, inflammatory politics, even as one casts off a burden on the road in order to walk more lightly, and from henceforth I gave myself up entirely to my country and my art —

my Provence, from whom I had never received aught but pure joy." A high resolve, and nobly fulfilled.

The book has (to give it the highest of all praise) charm: it captivates the reader and holds his attention to the end. Miss Maud's translation is smooth, but — *horresco referens* — not always grammatical. "Laid down" for "lay down" is bad, and "between these and we" is worse. Mrs. Harrison's interspersed and appended lyrics from the Provençal are skilfully executed. The portraits and other illustrations are many and good.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

VENICE IN THE GOLDEN AGE.*

We usually think of the so-called Renaissance as an age of creative intellect, an age that renewed the European world. The correctness of this view is beyond dispute; still, all the achievements of the period were not constructive. We often forget that this same intellectual upheaval threw much of the old world into ruins. The passing of feudalism, with all that the term implies, the historian can contemplate without regret. That the characteristic ideals of the Middle Ages should perish, is not strange and hardly to be deplored; their day of usefulness was over. But along with these much was destroyed that the world could ill afford to lose. Says Professor Molmenti, in speaking of the Italian Renaissance:

"The excessive and exclusive passion for the rediscovered culture of Greece and Rome destroyed all religious sentiment, and converted the people of Italy into the most skeptical of European races. The exaggerated devotion to the antique which animated courts, palaces, and streets, weakened the spirit of patriotism. The new learning . . . distracted men's minds from the active life of the nation; and so, on the ruins of communal life, arose the despots."

But to all this, Venice seems to be an exception. Venice had her share in the Renaissance: she had her Aldus Manutius, her Titian, her Cabots, and hosts of others of lesser fame; she had schools and libraries, poets and painters, builders and navigators. But the new movement did not overwhelm Venice; the city continued her independent career along the old lines, under the old constitution, busied more than ever with commerce and conquest; her golden age had begun.

It is this age that Professor Molmenti dis-

cusses in the second section of his work on Venetian private life. In these volumes the plan is the same as in the earlier ones: a series of essays, each dealing with some phase of Venetian life and activity. As the period covered in this section is scarcely more than a century (roughly speaking, from 1450 to 1550), this plan can be carried out with greater success than in the work on the Middle Ages. Of particular interest are the chapters on municipal activities, such as measures affecting the public health (surely a problem in a city like Venice) and the embellishment of the city; Venetian art and the private life of the artists; the new movements in science and literature, including such subjects as schools, libraries, and the press; the type of beauty in men and women, and family life in the upper and lower classes. In a large measure, therefore, the work deals with the forms in which the Renaissance expressed itself in Venice. It is further provided with a great number of excellent illustrations — photographs showing the triumphs of the period in the industrial arts and architecture, and beautiful reproductions of the works of such masters in painting as Titian, Tintoretto, and Paris Bordone.

We have said that Venice alone of the Italian cities seems to have survived the Renaissance; but the survival is more apparent than real. Venetian grandeur in the fifteenth century was the culmination of centuries of effort, but it also marked the beginning of municipal and imperial decline. In the words of our historian, —

"Beneath this dazzling exterior, even in Venice, the most powerful and flourishing state in the peninsula, the germs of corruption gradually made themselves manifest. Trade and industry came to be despised by the patricians and were left to the people, morals degenerated, and the population which in the first twenty years of the fifteenth century numbered 190,000 souls steadily declined."

Of special interest is the closing chapter of the work, "The Corruption of Manners," in which the author gives us a detailed picture of moral depravity that is almost past belief. But the wealth, the power, the glory that had reacted so viciously on Venetian character was soon to pass: with the opening of the sixteenth century commercial decline becomes evident. For this, three reasons may be assigned: the never ambitions for possessions on the mainland of Italy, in the pursuit of which the resources of the city were dissipated; the discovery of the new route to Asia which established competition all along the western coast of Europe and condemned the Adriatic trade to a slow but sure death; and, lastly, the losses to the Turks in

* VENICE. Its Individual Growth from the Earliest Beginnings to the Fall of the Republic. By Pompeo Molmenti. Translated by Horatio F. Brown. Part II., The Golden Age. In two volumes. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

the Archipelago and along the Dalmatian coast which shattered the prestige of the Venetian navy. It is interesting to note that in 1502 the Venetian government, realizing the new state of affairs, proposed to the Sultan of Egypt that a canal be cut through the Isthmus of Suez.

The historical writer who delights in the picturesque can hardly find a more congenial subject than Venice at the opening of the modern age; it is a theme that ought to call out his best energies. But when we come to consider how the author and the translator in the present case have done their work, we confess to a feeling of disappointment. As in the earlier volumes the defect that strikes one first is the inadequate translation. The author quotes quite freely from his sources, and all such extracts the translator has left in the original. Frequently the reader strikes an entire page where English is almost wanting; consequently, to the student who knows no Italian the work is of doubtful value. At times the reader is left with the feeling that the author has not wholly mastered his materials, that the quality of discrimination is wanting. In his effort to mention all who have achieved prominence in any given field, the author often fails to give us anything but a mere list of names. In one case, nearly fifty artists are named on a single page (I., 101); many such pages make dull reading. Still, on the whole the work is neither dull nor dry; on the contrary, the style is often so florid and exuberant as to provoke amusement. In many respects these volumes are an improvement on the earlier ones; but in the study of a single century so rich in sources as that which followed the invention of printing, we should expect a more positive expression of historical virtues than in a work covering nearly a thousand years and based on the sometimes dreary and often fragmentary annals of the Middle Ages.

LAURENCE M. LARSON.

"THE SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY," as edited by Professor Gollancz and published by Messrs. Duffield & Co., has an elastic plan which permits the publication of many sizes of volumes. We recently made mention of some of the smaller volumes, and we now note the appearance of three of the larger ones. The largest of all is entitled "Shakespeare's Holinshed," and brings into comparison the text of the Chronicle with the historical plays. This is the work of Mr. G. Boswell-Stone. Another volume is "Robert Laneham's Letter, Describing a Part of the Entertainment unto Queen Elizabeth at the Castle of Kenilworth in 1575," edited by Mr. F. J. Furnivall. The third volume, also edited by Mr. Furnivall (with the aid of Mr. Edward Viles), is called "The Rogues and Vagabonds of Shakespeare's Youth."

SOCIALISM CONDEMNED.*

As Mr. Mallock explains in a prefatory note to his "Critical Examination of Socialism," he was invited in the autumn of 1906 to deliver a series of addresses on the subject of Socialism, in America. Most of us have already heard or read a good deal about the things Mr. Mallock said and did in this country; and no doubt enough interest has been aroused to ensure his book a large circulation. It may also be anticipated that of those who take up the volume most will read it through; for the author, whatever else may be said of him, is not dull.

The main argument, so far as it may be condensed into a few words, is as follows: Manual labor is not the source of all wealth; in particular, its effects are increased many fold by directive ability, including in this term invention as well as the immediate application of directive intelligence to industrial operations. It is evident from the work of craftsmen in ancient times, that manual skill has not sensibly increased for many centuries, and hence the great additions to wealth now realized by human effort must be due to directive ability. It follows that inasmuch as this ability is exercised by the few, and yet is responsible for more than half the output, ordinary labor is not only not deprived of any of its just share, but actually receives much more than it would be entitled to on principles of abstract justice. It also follows that if directive ability were not exercised, and if there were not means to compel the mass of workers to submit to it, the product of labor would rapidly fall, and the whole country would be impoverished. Those who are conscious of special ability will not as a rule exercise it unless given sufficient inducements to do so. The possibility of acquiring wealth and power affords such an inducement in the modern world, and attracts to the management of industry such abilities as would in earlier times have been given to aggressive war and other non-productive enterprises. At the same time, those who engage in production are compelled to be serviceable to mankind at large, for if their product is unsatisfactory, actually or relatively, the public will not pay for it, and the business fails. To diminish seriously the rewards of directive ability would be disastrous, as it might cause much of this ability to be withdrawn from industrial enterprises. To free the workers from obligation to obey the commands of those over them

* A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF SOCIALISM. By W. H. Mallock. New York: Harper & Brothers.

would be equally disastrous, as it is only by submitting to such commands that production can be kept up to the present level or increased. Hence some form of "wage slavery," so-called, is inevitable, and the so-called "unearned increment" is not taken from those who had anything to do with its production. The management of industry by the State would necessarily amount to this, that in place of various separate corporations there would be substituted one great one, against the operations of which there would be no appeal, and the success of which would not be checked in every detail by comparison with other like enterprises.

Some indication is given throughout the volume of the criticisms made by Socialists at the time the addresses were delivered. The matter is complicated by the fact that there is great diversity among the Socialists themselves concerning their doctrines; no doubt even more diversity than there is among non-Socialists about practical politics, inasmuch as ideals are not kept within the narrow bounds prescribed by actual conditions. It is unfortunate, though no doubt inseparable from the authorship, that the criticisms of other writers, great and small, are given in the most arrogant and unsympathetic spirit, and hence tend to provoke opposition rather than an effort to come to some reasonable understanding. One does not need to be a Socialist to feel continually that arguments are overstrained and facts ignored. All must agree with the proposition that modern human society needs all the ability, manual or otherwise, which it can command for the purposes of useful production. It is equally evident that this ability will not be forthcoming without suitable stimuli, and no one doubts that it is one of the principal cares of organized mankind to provide such stimuli in proper amount and kind. The practical question is, granting organized industry, how shall individuals be so stimulated that their reactions will result in the greatest good to themselves and their fellows? In the case of any other species but *Homo sapiens*, the answer is relatively simple, because the stimuli and reactions are normally very constant, and practically the same for all. The choice of good and evil, given to man, is indeed a dangerous weapon, as well as a means of incalculable advantage. Judges we are, however, and we find ourselves in the position of having to decide what lines of conduct are to be encouraged, what repressed. The rough and ready methods of modern capitalism do indeed have their influence upon conduct, and in many respects this influence

is unquestionably beneficial. It is nevertheless a most hopeful sign that men are coming more and more to see that a far greater measure of justice and economy, and ultimately of happiness, is attainable; and having come to this conclusion, are determined to further its attainment.

The most obvious objection to Mr. Mallock's position, and the most fundamental, concerns his assumption that to-day superior ability is suitably rewarded, having regard to its services. If anyone will consider for a moment the history and present status of, let us say, the industries connected with electricity, it will be apparent that the relation between service and reward is of the loosest possible kind. Mr. Mallock freely recognizes invention as part of "directive ability," whether the ideas formulated are carried out at the time, or long after; and it is well known that the various applications of electricity, like practically all applications of scientific discovery, rest upon the work of generations of men, many of whom never lived to know the economic value of their work, or receive the commensurate rewards. To argue that those who finally bring this work to the point of productivity are to be regarded for practical purposes as the producers of the new wealth, is to take an absurdly narrow view. Mr. Mallock reasons that if we choose we may remove the "cause" of anything indefinitely, and that for practical ends we treat the proximate causes as real ones; and in particular, must so treat those over which we have any control. This is sound enough, but it requires little imagination to see that of all the controllable causes contributing to the advancement of production, the researches of science, prior to any possibility of commercial profit, are of the most fundamental importance. Passing over this phase of the matter, however, we find ourselves asking whether as a matter of fact the most useful members of society, having regard to the immediate results of their labors, are the most encouraged, and particularly whether pernicious activities of various kinds are adequately checked. It hardly seems possible to me that any thoughtful person, socialist or otherwise, can be satisfied with Mr. Mallock's treatment of these questions.

An ideal human society, so far as I am able to imagine it, would be one in which all the individuals were usefully and happily occupied, each one in the manner most profitable, having regard both to his nature and the needs of his fellows. That all would have the means necessary for life and work needs scarcely to be postulated, as without it the first condition could not obtain. In such a society the rich man

would be the one capable of using more than most of his fellows, whether of materials or of service, or both. Organization would be carried to a high pitch, no doubt; but constant effort would be made to avoid sacrificing the man for the sake of increased production, as is habitually done to-day. It would remain, as it is to-day, a constant problem to secure a rational equilibrium between the tendency to uniformity promoted by the majority, and the nonconformist activities of individuals and groups. This antagonism is woven into the very fabric of our existence, and without it life would sink below the level of rational consciousness. Similarly, as the bud waits for the stimulus of the sun's rays, so every individual would depend for proper development upon awakening forces, some provided by nature, others furnished, consciously or otherwise, by his fellows. That the man-made inducements to the exercise of "directive ability" need be of the gross and often demoralizing character that they are in present-day industrial life is as absurd a proposition as one which might have been put forward in less civilized times, that no healthy man could be happy without adequate opportunities for committing murder. It is not contended that the question of stimuli is a simple one; on the contrary, it is one of the most difficult, involving, with the responses, the whole matter of the interrelations of human beings and the consequent interest of human life.

The truth is, that Socialism does not imply a state of society wholly different from the present; nor is it a means of escaping the basic problems and difficulties which vex us to-day. Mr. Mallock himself says that "Socialism, no matter how false as a theory of society, and, no matter how impracticable as a social programme, will have called attention to evils which might otherwise have escaped attention, or been relegated to the class of evils for which no alleviation is possible." If Socialists are themselves of diverse opinions, if they remain vague as to details of their programme, these things need not be regretted, for there is thereby assured a plasticity which will permit adaptations to the various conditions arising in the course of social evolution. In attacking the theories advanced, Mr. Mallock has done a good service. On the purely intellectual side, his criticisms, valid or otherwise, will arouse fruitful thought and discussion; but though we must admit that he justly accuses many socialists of improperly prejudicing the subject, we cannot acquit him of this same fault. T. D. A. COCKERELL.

AN ENGLISH LIFE OF TASSO.*

In attempting a new biography of Torquato Tasso, Mr. William Boultong had a golden opportunity. Off the Continent, the field was free and virtually untrodden. The most recent life in English, an essay by Mary C. Phillimore, appeared over twenty years ago. The better-known work of Milman (1850) and the life by Henry Wilde (1848) have long been hopelessly antiquated. Meanwhile the unwearied researches of the Italians, above all Mazzoni and Solerti, not to speak of subtle interpretations by such men as Carducci and Nencione, or to mention an array of monographs in France and Germany, have given substance and precision to the meagre outline, inaccurate and misleading, that used to pass for a biography of Tasso, and have gone far toward putting him and his poetry into something like true relations with the age that begot them. To present the results merely of Italian scholarship and criticism, to give us in succinct and readable English an account of the author of "Jerusalem Delivered" as he is now known in his own country, and to do this in such fashion that we might be sure the picture was true both in the single details and in the sum of them, was, for a literary man, the chance of a lifetime. This was Mr. Boultong's chance. How has he accepted it?

So far as we can judge, he has proceeded as follows: he has read his authorities with attention though not with a high degree of scholarly acumen, has gathered excerpts and quotations liberally, though in the main without anxiety to recall the particular sources from which they were copied, and then, with a certain impetus and abandon,—cutting his bridges, so to speak, behind him,—he has marched rapidly through the enemy's domain. The enemy means the devotee of minute scholarship—the dunderheads, whose love for Tasso has been so thorough that they have spent decades in quest of the slightest shreds of truth about him, when any one of them might have written a popular life of him in a tenth of the time. Their stores Mr. Boultong has not been loth to ransack, while treating the owners with apparent disdain. Of the four foot-notes throughout his 307 pages of text, only one refers to any author who has written on Tasso, and that one to Milman. We should have been better satisfied if Mr. Boultong had everywhere specifically indicated his indebtedness to

*TASSO AND HIS TIMES. By William Boultong. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

the fifty-three works cited in his Bibliography (pp. 309, 310); for however the absence of such indication may appeal to the author, it strikes the conscientious reader as a serious and baffling omission.

In consequence of the omission, one is privileged to estimate the volume in part by its attitude toward scholarship and life in general. "Most scholars," we learn on page 53, "are men of narrow if not mediocre intelligence," locking themselves up "in pedantry," and endeavoring "to impose their own fetters on men of real life and spirit." This, though said (or rather because it is said) incidentally, is significant enough, and needs no comment. Again, here is an edifying view of life, in the portrayal of a Venetian marriage (p. 46):

"Two young people are made one: probably they will learn to love one another [each other?] as indifferently well or hate one another with much the same fervor as other married folk; at present they are almost strangers."

What, one would like to know, has that sort of twaddle to do with Tasso? Wherever it is found, in Lord Chesterfield's Letters or out of them, one is bound to stamp it as untrue to life, and vulgar. The habit of judging by vulgar averages leads on to a form of cynicism, which is ordinarily condoned, in the consideration of the highest interpreters of life, the philosophers and poets (pp. 186, 194). Philosophers, we are told, "have rarely been noted for practical wisdom." Neither has the multitude in any other walk. But how about Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, Leibnitz? As for the poets, — the pale dubious presence of an unnamable renaissance vice "is reflected in the sonnets of what is, perhaps, the healthiest mind of all time." Fortunately, not the average, but the best expositor of Shakespeare's Sonnets, Canon Beeching, finds reflected in them the lovely sentiment of a David for a Jonathan, something, humanly speaking, like the friendship disclosed in the twenty-first chapter of the Fourth Gospel.

These bits of worldly wisdom on scholars, married life, philosophers, and the like, are, of course, *obiter dicta*, bearing but a fractional proportion to the whole work; yet it would be too much to expect that their animus does not impair the tone of an otherwise welcome narrative. Judged by an average standard, Mr. Boulting's "Tasso and His Times" is a readable book, full of interesting history and biographical information with which few will be likely to quarrel. The author seems to know his Italy well at first hand, and there is no question of his ability to imagine himself in the

historical background that he describes, or of his sympathy for his central figure, Tasso. His book is written in what is often a vivacious style, suffering, it is true, from frequent overloading of detail in an effort to heap up incidents that are picturesque, and marred now and then by the pathetic fallacy (as on page 1) in descriptions of external nature; yet bound to be considered the foremost work on the subject in English — until someone with a better understanding for scholarship and its relation to all forms of literature, including poetry and popular biography, shall appear in America or Great Britain, to unite his own researches, painful and circumspect, with the labors of Continental authorities on Tasso, and to illumine the whole with that optimistic and humanizing spirit which is the true effulgence of scholarship, philosophy, and poetry.

Something remains to be said about the externals of the volume. The printing is generally so accurate that a slip on the title-page (Simondi for Sismondi) is almost as annoying as the misquotation from Wordsworth at the bottom of page 137. The twenty-four illustrations, beginning with the Uffizi portrait of Tasso and ending with "Tasso's Oak" on page 302, are nothing less than admirable. The book is well worth having if only for the pictures.

Allowance made for the sort of faults which I have tried to suggest, it is well worth having in any case. Its merits are more obvious, and do not seem to demand an extended rehearsal. It is unquestionably opportune.

LANE COOPER.

READERS who delight in curious and out-of-the-way knowledge will enjoy the two volumes of the Grafton Historical Series (Grafton Press), "Old Steamboat Days on the Hudson" by Mr. David Lear Buckman, and "In Olde New York" by Mr. Charles Burr Todd. They are small books, well made and illustrated. The former gives a detailed history of navigation on the Hudson, beginning with a sketch of Robert Fulton and his invention of the steamboat, his monopoly and its downfall through the famous decision of the Supreme Court in the case of *Gibbons vs. Ogden*. The author traces the improvement of the boats, with their names and those of their captains, up to the great passenger steamers of the present day. The many pictures of these boats are perhaps the most interesting feature of the book. Mr. Todd's volume consists of a collection of sketches and articles, most of them written many years ago. They deal with curious matters of the past that have been swept away by the rush of modern business and improvement. Among the twenty-five papers we note "The Old City Dock," "Some Old Booksellers," "The Old Jumel Mansion," "Johnson Hall," etc.

RECENT FICTION.*

Mr. Hewlett is nothing if not versatile, and it should be no surprise to his readers to discover that his new novel is an English tale of the Regency period, and that it reproduces the life of England a hundred years ago with extraordinary vividness and verisimilitude. "The Stooping Lady" is its title, and the heroine thus described is a truly adorable creature. She stoops indeed, but only to conquer, and the *mésalliance* to which she condescends secures her in the affections of every reader of generous impulses, although it horrifies her own aristocratic circle. For Lady Hermia, brought from a girlhood spent in Irish wilds to shine in London society, and eventually to make a match suitable to her station and lineage, looks coldly upon all the noble gentlemen who sue for her hand, and bestows her favor upon a young man good to look at, but a butcher by trade and a radical by political bent. This marvel results from his good luck in becoming the victim of gross injustice at the hands of her family, and thereby attracting the attention and winning the commiseration of the heroine. From the sympathy thus stirred to the love later awakened is but a step, and her capitulation is the consequence of a siege carried on by absurdly simple means. For some months the hero keeps entirely out of her sight, but all the more in her mind because of the bunch of white violets he sends her daily, no matter where she may be. The cumulative effect proves irresistible; and when she makes surrender, it is complete. Then tragedy intervenes, and a chance pistol shot puts an end to the man's life and the woman's happiness. We are unprepared for this consummation, and it seems rather wanton; probably the author believed it necessary to give artistic completeness to Lady Hermia's experience and to his delineation of her character. We need hardly add that this story has a distinction that sets it far apart from fiction in the ordinary sense, and insures for it something like permanence in our literature.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason has come to occupy about

the same place among our novelists as was occupied a few years ago by Henry Seton Merriman. He has much the same neatness of technique, the same versatility, and the same constructive ability. One may take up almost any of his later books with the assurance that it will offer agreeable entertainment by means of a logically coherent narrative, and will be found almost wholly free from surplusage. His latest novel, "The Broken Road," has for its scene one of the smaller protected States of India, and for its main subject a native uprising which seems to threaten, on a small scale, a repetition of the horrors of the Mutiny. The hereditary prince of this State is a young man who has been sent to England as a child, and educated at Eton and Oxford. He has acquired the veneer of European culture, and tries to think of himself as an Englishman. But when he returns to India, he learns, with much bitterness of soul, the lesson of his racial inferiority. Having fallen in love with an Englishwoman (who has rather encouraged his advances), he discovers that his aspirations make him an object of derision, — that a "nigger," though he be a prince, must know his place. Thereupon he becomes once more an Oriental, and enlists as the leader of the fanatical agitators who are fomenting rebellion against English rule. The plan fails, and he is driven into exile; but it provides us with some exciting moments. Mr. Mason's work is fairly comparable with that of Mr. Kipling and Mrs. Steel in the same field, and has the same essential message — the teaching that the Asiatic can no more change his nature than the leopard his spots, and that the European can never understand his actions because he can never appreciate the motives from which they spring.

The eccentric-pathetic type of character, projected into modern literature by Cervantes, has been illustrated for us more than once by the inventions of Mr. Quiller-Couch. We may again find it exemplified, in a very humble way, in the titular character of his "Major Vigoureux." This faithful old soldier, after the wars are over, is placed in charge of a military post on one of the Channel Islands. For years all goes well, and then he is dealt a blow in the shape of an official order withdrawing the garrison and dismantling the battery. He himself is not included in the order, and so he remains at his post and upon the pay-roll of the War Office, but the glory has departed from his life, and he is all the time haunted by a miserable suspicion that his retention in the service is only an oversight, and that he may be turned adrift at any moment. This is a suggestion of his character, and this is the situation which we find at the beginning of his story as Mr. Quiller-Couch has related it for us. Many things happen as the story goes on, and they prove well worth the chronicling, but we will not attempt to set them forth. The author's capricious fancy and rich humor are familiar to all his readers, whom we are content to notify that "Major Vigoureux" is fully as entertaining and human a book as any of the long series of its predecessors.

*THE STOOPING LADY. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE BROKEN ROAD. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

MAJOR VIGOUREUX. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE COURAGE OF BLACKBURN BLAIR. By Eleanor Talbot Kinkead. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

THE JESSOR BEQUEST. By Anna Robeson Burr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE CONVERT. By Elizabeth Robins. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE LION'S SHARE. By Octave Thanet. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

THE MISTRESS OF BONAVVENTURE. By Harold Bindloss. New York: R. R. Fenno & Co.

THE SETTLER. By Herman Whitaker. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE CRUCIBLE. By Mark Lee Luther. New York: The Macmillan Co.

COMRADE JOHN. By Merwin-Webster. New York: The Macmillan Co.

MAN² LINDA. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE BROKEN LANCE. By Herbert Quick. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

We had occasion to bestow cordial praise, some months ago, upon a novel of Southern life entitled "The Invisible Bond." It now appears that the author, Miss Eleanor Talbot Kinkead, planned the book as the first section of a trilogy having for its purpose the presentation of "the three great fundamental relations of life." The relation of man toward woman was its theme, and the action revolved about a case of divorce. The relation of man toward humanity and the relation of the individual toward the divine were the two themes left to be portrayed by concrete examples in the remaining sections of the trilogy. The first of these two is now dealt with in "The Courage of Blackburn Blair," a modern instance of moral heroism brought into close relations with the Goebel campaign that convulsed Kentucky a few years ago. The hero is a young lawyer and politician who realizes how false is that conception of personal honor which in Kentucky, and in the South generally, requires a man who is insulted to commit a murder for the vindication of his character. Early in the narrative he voices his protest against the iniquity of this unwritten social law, and says that the man who should dare to brave it "would be a saviour to his people." The words are of prophetic import, for Blackburn Blair is himself destined to be put to the test, and when it comes, his conscience triumphs over the exactions of the code and he bears patiently the resulting imputation of cowardice. It is hard to endure the political disfavor and the social ostracism that are his immediate reward; it is harder still to discover that his restraint causes the girl he loves to shrink from him. But in the end he gives convincing proof that he is no coward, and some dim notion of the splendid moral heroism he has shown throughout becomes perceptible even to the minds of his enemies. The fine idealism of this book, to say nothing of its many other admirable qualities, gives it a high place among the novels of the year.

"The Jessop Bequest," by Miss Anna Robeson Burr, offers a case of conscience. The case is a perfectly clear one, for it is nothing less than the retention by the heroine of a fortune that really belongs to a philanthropic society. It all hangs upon the date upon which the heroine's mother died. By means of trickery and false affidavits the date is set a few days ahead, and the fortune diverted to the daughter. We should say at once that the heroine knows nothing of this, and that the fraud is chargeable to the leading politician of the town (who wishes to marry the girl) with the connivance of her grandfather, an amiable clergyman of weak character and wobbly morals. When the heroine learns the facts, she at once renounces the personal benefits of her fortune, and insists that her grandfather shall make restitution. Since he has already squandered a considerable part of the property, he cannot meet her demand at once, and pleads for time. This device permits the story to run on long enough for the heroine to win fame as an artist, and long enough also for the development of the somewhat anæmic

love interest. It is a well-written story in point of style, but exhibits a low degree of vitality, and is burdened with much inconsequential detail.

Miss Elizabeth Robins (Mrs. Parkes) is an accomplished novelist whose work we have often praised; but we cannot congratulate her upon "The Convert," which is not a novel in any real sense, but a hysterical tract in advocacy of woman's suffrage. We do not object to a certain amount of veiled didacticism in a work of fiction, but in this case zeal gets the better of discretion, and the book is as much an offence against literary good manners as are the actions of the "suffragettes" which it defends an offence against every sane ideal of social seemliness. The mark of the fanatic is upon every page, and nothing that might be called "sweet reasonableness" is anywhere apparent. The cause that needs to be espoused in such fashion as this in order to attract attention is in a bad way indeed.

A struggle for the control of a railway company, the abduction of a magnate who is held until he comes to terms, the kidnapping of a boy, a train robbery, and a mysterious Chinese episode, are a few of the matters which engage our attention in "The Lion's Share," Miss Alice French's new novel. To these, the San Francisco earthquake is added as an effective climax. We do not pretend to understand what the story is all about, or just how its episodes and characters are related, but we can testify to its possession of an interest which is continuous if not coherent. The author, who can be a real novelist when she tries, would be the last person in the world to expect us to take this preposterous invention seriously. Its purpose is entertainment of the lightest sort, and this it gives us in full measure.

We have previously had occasion to speak in terms of praise concerning Mr. Harold Bindloss, both for his skill in combining romantic sentiment with a rather grim sort of actuality, and for the freshness of interest imparted to his novels by the unworked field to which they take us — the Canadian Northwest. "The Mistress of Bonaventure" is the latest of these novels to come to our attention, although it would seem to be a reprint of an earlier work. Again we have pictured the hard life of the English settler in his struggle with cold winters and hot summers and crop failures and prairie fires and relentless usurers. In the present instance, the usurer is the chief source of the woes that come upon the hero, who is both stripped of his possessions and falsely accused of crime by his implacable enemy. The heroine is the daughter of a capitalist who owns the neighboring Bonaventure ranch, and, although reared in luxury, is the sort of young woman who can recognize genuine manhood beneath the roughest of exteriors. These being the conditions, the logical outcome is evident enough. Disaster does not daunt our hero-farmer, and in the end his enemy makes a hasty escape over the border, while the coming of the railway brings assured prosperity to the man who had been so nearly down and out. It is a stirring story of real men and women, full of

incident, and fairly well written, although the style is now and then disfigured by a slovenly touch.

A second exploiter of this same field is Mr. Herman Whitaker, whose story of "The Settler" again tells the struggle of man with nature in a western Canadian province. The hero in this case is a very rough diamond indeed, and a variation of the usual framework of these stories is offered by the fact that he wins the heroine early in the narrative instead of at the close. Presently she becomes discontented with the hard conditions of her life, and a separation follows, which keeps the two apart for a long time. Meanwhile, the husband has a hard time of it, but stakes everything upon the construction of a branch railway, which he finally succeeds in building despite the desperate opposition of the Canadian Pacific. Then his own stubbornness and his wife's pride relax sufficiently to bring about a reunion. As compared with Mr. Bindloss, the present novelist has a more animated manner and a greater flexibility of style, besides having a keener eye for dramatic effect.

The heroine of "The Crucible," by Mr. Mark Lee Luther, is a child who in a fit of passion attacks her sister with the first convenient weapon, inflicting a slight wound. For this outburst of temper, her unnatural mother has the child taken to court and sentenced to a three years' term in the State Reformatory. There we find her when the story opens, sullen and resentful, condemned to menial tasks, longing for the open fields from which the gray walls keep her. Yet the discipline imposed upon her is what she most needs, and the institution is the crucible for the refining of her character. When freed, she becomes a shop-girl in New York, but her past comes up against her, and she is brought to desperate straits. Finally, the fairy prince appears, a young artist who had befriended her in her reformatory days, and whose memory she has ever since cherished. They are married, but she fails to tell him of a certain episode in her shop-girl days—an innocent affair, but one that might seem suspicious—and when that comes out, their happiness nearly suffers shipwreck. The story offers little more than a variation of a few well-worn themes, but the action moves rapidly from point to point, and the dramatic effects are skilfully contrived.

The religious and aesthetic charlatan is pictured for us in "Comrade John," the latest joint effort of Messrs. Merwin and Webster. His name is Herman Stein, and he derives, in about equal parts, from Zion and East Aurora. His colony has a home somewhere in the hill country of New York, and its imposing array of staff and stucco architecture is enhanced by the natural beauty of lakes and cascades and mountains. All this is the work of Comrade John, a creative genius who has hitherto been employed in the designing of amusement parks, and who is engaged by Stein for the construction of Beechcroft, one of the conditions being that the designer shall pose as a disciple and conform to the customs of the colony. The acceptance of this con-

dition makes Comrade John out of the man who under his true name has a national reputation. Like most prophets of his stripe, Stein has an eye for womankind, and he contrives to get a beautiful and credulous girl into his toils. She is to be a sort of high priestess of the new religion, and incidentally, when Stein shall have divorced his present wife, she is to marry him. The story is mainly concerned with the rescue of this girl by the architect, who falls in love with her, opens her eyes to the whole miserable imposture, and exposes the prophet to his deluded followers. The story ends with a series of hurried escapes, the lovers fleeing in one direction, and the charlatan in another. It is a highly amusing tale, told with much spirit, and with a delectable fertility of humorous invention.

Mr. Harben's homely tales of life in Georgia are always pleasing in design, and his character-sketches bear the stamp of faithful observation. He knows his own people, negro and white, and they offer him a variety of types quite sufficient for his needs as a novelist. The negro figures quite prominently in "Mam' Linda," his latest novel, which is, in fact, essentially a presentation of one aspect of what we are apt to call the negro problem without having much idea of the exact nature of that problem. In this story a negro boy is wrongfully accused of crime, and the passions of his pursuers are so inflamed against him that his case seems desperate. But he has a friend in the hero, a young lawyer, who knows the boy to be innocent, and who risks his professional and political career by his championship. It seems to him that the good name of the community and the very cause of Southern civilization are at stake in this affair, and his fine impersonal stand eventually wins for him the safety of the boy, the suffrage of his fellow-citizens, and the love of the heroine—a reasonably adequate return for his efforts. The author by no means looks at the negro through rose-tinted glasses, but he understands him, which is more to the point, and his attitude is typical of the humane element in Southern society, called upon to grapple at first hand with a problem of which we, at this comfortable distance, cannot realize either the complication or the menace.

Mr. Herbert Quick's "Double Trouble," that ingenious tale of dual personality, leads us to open "The Broken Lance" with pleasant anticipations. Nor are we disappointed, as far as plan and style are concerned, for the author knows how to write, and his eye for dramatic effect is keen. But we must confess to a considerable disappointment when we discover that the book is not so much a novel as an argument for the single tax. The leading character is a clergyman so easily swayed by his emotions that a single reading of "Progress and Poverty" suffices to overturn his whole fabric of ideas overnight. With more zeal than discretion, he proceeds to expound the new gospel the next time he enters the pulpit (the greater part of the sermon is given us), and horrifies his hearers by his plain language about what he conceives to be the tainted sources of

their wealth. From an apostle of sweet reasonableness he turns into a fiery fanatic, and the consequences, slowly unfolded, are that he becomes an outcast from the church, his wife divorces him, he is made the subject of an atrocious scandal, and becomes a noisy labor agitator, meeting his death in the riot that accompanies a teamsters' strike in Chicago. The author's earnestness compels a certain amount of sympathy even for so ill-balanced a hero as this, but he overdoes his denunciation of society, and can see nothing but greed and corruption where the clearer vision can clearly discern a preponderating element of integrity and philanthropical dealing.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The art of literary forgery.

Mr. J. A. Farrer's "Literary Forgeries" (Longmans) is an account of some of the most celebrated impostures by which human credulity has been victimized. That is to say, it is a record of the detected impostures; the reader has an uneasy feeling that the undetected might require a larger volume. If intelligent people in relatively critical periods could be all but completely deceived—but why pursue so painful a reflection? In the face of their victims' credulity, one marvels at the moderation of these clever deceivers. The truth seems to be that humanity has been protected from worse deception not so much by its own discernment as by the impostors' failure to be quite clever enough. There is nearly always in their position a weak point that they overlook. That is, there is such a point in the position of those who are detected. One thing we may be quite clear about, namely, that hardly any degree of scholarship, fertility, and literary power, in a suspected work, is sufficient to warrant its authenticity. Nor is the absence of apparent motive for deception of any avail. The very ability to perform the trick seems to be motive enough. In other words, the art of literary forgery is an art like another, with its own inspirations, temerities, and rewards. And if an honest man like Scott could look upon the art without severe disapproval, we can hardly exact a higher moral standard of the artists themselves. But, as in the case of other indications of human frailty, it is probably well not to regard this with too severe a countenance. Certainly, it has its amusing side. The spectacle of Boswell, flown with brandy and water, kneeling before the Shakespeare forgery of Ireland, reverently kissing "the invaluable relics of our bard" and thanking God that he has lived to see them, is not without humor; but we confess that the thought of the great geometrician and astronomer, Chasles, accepting without a qualm letters written in the French language by Plato, Cleopatra, Lazarus, and Mary Magdalene, strikes us as more painful than amusing. Mr. Farrer deals with the Letters of Phalaris and Trimalchio's Supper,

Simonides's Biblical and patristic forgeries, the amazing career of Psalmanazar, the *Eikon Basiliké*, the false Decretals and the Donation of Constantine, the Rowley poems, Lauder's attack on Milton, the famous Shelley letters to which Browning wrote an introduction, the shameful letters ascribed to Marie Antoinette, Ireland's *Vortigern* and *Rowena* and other Shakespearian frauds, various ballad forgeries, and the spurious novels of Scott. Mr. Andrew Lang, who contributes an introduction to the volume in his customary amusing vein, seems half regretful that he did not attempt to palm off a ballad of his own on Professor Child, to see if that great scholar and fine critic was proof against the guile of the forger.

The early years and struggles of a literary artist. Though Lafadio Hearn's literary reputation will not be enhanced by the publication of "Letters from the Raven" (Brentano's), these unstudied early writings give an insight into phases of his personality not revealed by what he wrote for the world at large, nor, except in small measure, by the numerous private letters printed in his "Life and Letters" by Miss Elizabeth Bisland. The first ray of light that modified the gloom of the period of bitter struggle after he was cast off by his relatives came when, at the age of nineteen, he made his way to Cincinnati. A chance acquaintance with a Scotch printer brought him an introduction to Henry Watkin, an Englishman of broad culture and liberal views, who gave Hearn employment as an errand-boy in his printing-office, and afterward helped him secure a position on the staff of a Cincinnati newspaper. Between the two a warm friendship sprang up, which lasted as long as Hearn lived. By Watkin he was familiarly addressed as "The Raven," and for many years a drawing of the bird served as the signature to whatever Hearn wrote to his "Dear Old Dad," as he was wont to call him. The bulk of the correspondence is not great. It consists of various whimsical and amusing messages, and about two dozen letters, most of them written during Hearn's sojourn in New Orleans. They abound in half-playful, half-serious mention of privations and pleasures, occupations and aspirations, and are supplemented by the sympathetic running comment of the editor, Mr. Milton Bronner, who has fused them into a connected outline of Hearn's career. Appended are a number of letters to an anonymous lady correspondent, and extracts from letters contributed to a Cincinnati newspaper under the pseudonym of "Ozias Midwinter." The interest that attaches to these utterances is in a way pathetic. Unfeeling indeed would be the person who could read them and not be touched by the brave effort to build up within, while combating adverse circumstances without. Two things they serve to show. One is an exemplification of the old lesson that with rare exceptions patient preparation is the necessary prelude to noteworthy performance. The other is that with his temperament and physical disabilities it is most unlikely that under any other conditions Hearn would have achieved more than he

actually accomplished. His real life was never in the sordid present. From early youth until the day of his death, the glamour of the unseen was always luring him onward. Possibly this meant for him a loss in things material, but the spiritual gain is great.

A telegrapher's recollections of the Civil War. After the many books, pamphlets, and magazine articles written about Lincoln, one might think that little if anything remained to be told. Yet "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office" (Century Co.), by Mr. David Homer Bates, gives a new view of the great War President. Mr. Bates was a telegraph operator in the War Department, and saw much of Lincoln, who frequently visited the military telegraph office in order to get the latest news from the armies. The volume under review is made up of articles recently published in the *Century Magazine*, to which some padding has been added. Much of the book is devoted to what the author saw and heard, and much of it to descriptions of and comments upon affairs that the author knew no more about than the ordinary citizen. The latter part is of little value and often unreliable; but the former is distinctly good. The scope of the work is broader than the title would indicate. It is really a sort of history of the military telegraph service at the War Department, but it is arranged around Lincoln as a central figure. The best of the book describes the organization of the military telegraph corps and the service of the corps in and near Washington; and through it all runs the binding thread of narrative about Lincoln. It is a genuinely fresh treatment of a little-known phase of Lincoln's everyday life — when he was away from the importunities of politicians and places-hunters, and, being less harassed, was freer in manner. The account is studded with anecdotes, new and old, but all well told; and here and there are new lights upon historical matters, such, for example, as the statement (page 108) about the suppressed messages and parts of messages to and from McClellan. The sketch of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's war-time activities is worth reading, and the explanation of cipher codes and their uses by both Northern and Southern authorities is alone of sufficient interest to justify the publication of the book. The illustrations are good. Stanton, great and rude, is frequently exhibited in a pleasant situation — as in this passage: "He invited me to a seat on the greenward, while he read the telegrams; and then, business being finished, we began talking of early times in Steubenville, Ohio, his native town and mine. One of us mentioned the game of mumble-the-peg, and he asked me if I could play it. Of course I said yes, and he proposed that we should have a game then and there. Stanton entered into the spirit of the boyish sport with great zest, and for the moment all the perplexing questions of the terrible war were forgotten." It is rather unfortunate that Mr. Bates undertakes to deal with matters not related to his

subject. About a third of the book is padding, interesting but not always authentic. The sympathies of the author do not include many of those who were on the other side. On pages 86 and 87, pages 28 and 29 are repeated — a slip not to be expected in a work from the De Vinne Press.

The spelling of Shakespeare. "There will be no peace in literary realms so long as a single critic or scholar of repute persists in employing any variation in the name of our greatest poet." So, at least, says Dr. J. L. Haney in the preface to his little treatise, "The Name of William Shakespeare" (Philadelphia: The Egerton Press). As the title indicates, Dr. Haney is an advocate of the form almost universally adopted by the publishers of the quartos and folios. He belongs, therefore, not to the ranks of "manuscript-men," in Dr. Furnivall's phrase, but to the "second-handers — charming fellows, some of them, but too fond of type." As is well known, Dr. Furnivall is a staunch upholder of the so-called Stratford spelling, Shakspere, based upon the five signatures of the poet; though he himself concedes that of these only one is certainly Shakspere. As for the Stratford origin of this form, there is the same variation in the local records as there apparently is in the signatures. At this point it may not be amiss to remark that three of Dr. Haney's transcriptions of the Stratford records differ from those of Halliwell-Phillipps and Lambert (*Shakespeare Documents*). This is only one indication of the great difficulty of an inquiry the results of which may be nullified at any moment by a slight error of eye or hand. Dr. Haney takes into account, besides the Stratford Registers and the title-pages of early editions, contemporary documents and allusions, the Stationers' Registers, and the usage of modern critics and editors. His summary of the "evidence" is as follows: "We find that the name occurred originally in numerous variant forms; that at Stratford the spelling Shakspere prevailed for a time, though rarely after the beginning of the dramatist's career; that the Stationers' Registers and other contemporary documents present a wilderness of confusing variations; that although four of the five autographs seem intended to spell Shakspere, the title-pages of the quartos and of the First Folio point more strongly to the form Shakespeare. If the usage of later scholars and critics is of less weight, it is at least noteworthy that the recent editors and biographers who have specialized most zealously upon the study of the poet are virtually unanimous for the longer spelling."

A Yankee Professor in France.

To the average American tourist, all Gaul consists of Paris, and Paris of Notre Dame, the Louvre, and the Moulin Rouge. That there is any home-life more sacred than that portrayed in the yellow-covered French novels, this easy-going individual does not concern himself to suspect; still less does he know of the universities and the school system bound up

with them, while the religion of France he is satisfied to divide into Roman Catholicism and atheism. But the author of "France of Today" (Scribner) is not a mere tourist, for as the incumbent of the Hyde lectureship he was taken at once into that intimate association which enabled him to see French life hidden from the transitory dweller in hotels. Naturally, Professor Wendell's primary interest is in the universities and the school system, and of these he gives an exposition which brings out the essential differences of the French scheme of education from the American. Of French society and the French family he writes much as a highly-favored guest might discuss the family of his host. Everything is so pleasantly said that one is tempted to make allowances on the score of courtesy. Still, it is all very interesting, and in the face of much that is said and more that is thought to the contrary it is refreshing to see the golden side of the shield. This leads naturally to the question "why the life of modern France, when you come to know it, seems so different from the same life as set forth in the most highly developed literature of modern Europe." Notwithstanding the convention that surrounds the French woman, the intellectual candor of the French people which permits them to discuss topics forbidden among ourselves, and the fact that literature must concern itself with interesting exceptions to the commonplace — such being Professor Wendell's answers to his question, — one is yet forced to the conclusion that back of this literature is a life which the favored guest would not see among the respectable families of his cultured hosts. Literature can spring only from life, and French literature is too vital to reflect only rare though remarkable exceptions.

Memorials of a wandering scholar.

So much more was Thomas Davidson the man and teacher than Thomas Davidson the writer, that a book about him is likely to impart far more of his peculiar quality than a book by him. Most welcome, therefore, is the volume of "Memorials of Thomas Davidson, the Wandering Scholar" (Ginn & Co.), collected and edited by his fellow-countryman, Professor William Knight, who four years ago printed a short account of him in "Some Nineteenth-Century Scotsmen." Born in 1840 and dying in 1900, Davidson crowded into his too-short life an amount of learning, lecturing, restless roaming, teaching and writing that is, all told, nothing short of stupendous. By one who knew him well was he counted "as within the circle of the twelve most learned men in the world," yet he carried his load of erudition so lightly and was so little stationary in his mode of life, and so invariably at leisure to welcome friends or acquaintances or even strangers seeking his counsel, that comparatively few thought of or even suspected those stores of knowledge which he never seemed to sit still long enough to amass, much less to digest. Extraordinary intellectual alertness and a wonderful memory must explain the mystery. At home in all languages whose literatures had any-

thing to offer him, he once puzzled a Frenchman, a German, and an Italian, by engaging all three in a discussion and responding to each in his own tongue with so faultless an accent that each claimed him as a fellow-countryman. This many-sidedness may account for some of the varying and even contradictory impressions that he seems to have made on different friends. In Professor Knight's volume one friend calls him "a Platonizer," another "a devout Aristotelian," one describes him as holding Kant in small esteem, and another declares that "he always spoke with reverence of Kant." These recollections of friends and disciples, with extracts from his letters and other writings, combine to portray, roughly and by suggestion, an inspiring and astonishingly versatile character; but a complete and consistent account of the man, if such be possible, is yet to be written.

In "The True Story of My Life" (John Lane), by Mrs. Alice Mangold Diehl, we have one of those discursive

autobiographies of non-famous persons which chronicle an immense amount of unimportant private history and must rely chiefly on their realism for their charm. And yet the author probably deserves to be better known in America for her useful and industrious career in music and literature. A pianist of considerable repute in London during the sixties and seventies, she later became a prolific novelist and poured forth a flood of fiction which generally found friendly publishers and a host of readers. As a precocious child, she was taken to Germany and became a pupil of Adolf Henselt, whose genius and eccentricities she describes in an interesting way. After a successful *début* in Paris at the age of seventeen, she returned to her native England; and the narrative from this point is simply the detailed record of a brave and unflagging struggle to care for her growing family. There are apparently no reserves in the story: her mother's imperiousness, her husband's foibles, her own failures and triumphs in fighting off the "wolf," are recorded with such fidelity that we seem to be turning the pages of a diary. Naturally, a long and semi-public life in and near London brought Mrs. Diehl more or less in contact with the great ones of literature and art; and her pages show us interesting glimpses of Sir Henry Irving, Lord Leighton, Antoinette Sterling, the baritone Santley, and other celebrities of the time.

Corporations and commerce, and the Federal Constitution.

In "The Federal Power over Carriers and Corporations" (Macmillan) Mr. E. Parmalee Prentice combats what he calls "a most dangerous and mistaken notion" — that new meanings must be given to the Constitution merely because present questions are beyond the contemplation of the statesmen of a century ago. The work is historical and legal in its method, and shows much patient research among early statutes and a carefully critical reading of many cases; but while the method and the temperate language employed give the impression of a calm

and judicious mind, the effect is marred by frequent unmistakable evidences of bias. Indeed, the main purpose of the book would seem to be to oppose as unconstitutional the proposal of Mr. Garfield, in his first report as Commissioner of Corporations, that companies engaging in interstate commerce should be licensed by the Federal Government; for the author regards Federal license as a violation of the freedom of trade among the States. The careful student who realizes how easily opposite conclusions can be drawn from the same decision of the Supreme Court will make note of Mr. Prentice's citations and read at least some of the epoch-making decisions for himself. To such a student the volume will prove a very convenient introduction to the subject.

A book for beginners in Welsh history.
Mr. Owen Edwards, of Lincoln College, Oxford, has recently added another volume to his Celtic studies in the form of "A Short History of Wales" (University of Chicago Press). The book is written for "those who have never read any Welsh history before," and for such readers it no doubt has its value. In so brief a work, a connected narrative of course becomes impossible; only the most prominent events and episodes can be treated or even mentioned. The author's point of view is that of a Welshman who believes in the perpetuation of Celtic nationality in custom, speech, and literature, but not in Welsh political independence beyond a certain measure of administrative autonomy. The story is told in a simple, straightforward, but interesting fashion, which would make it easier reading were it not for the author's puristic ideas in the matter of proper names. It ought to be possible to anglicize Welsh names and terms to a slight extent — at least to write them with such vowels and consonants as produce a pronounceable combination in English; to the reader who has never read Welsh history before, combinations like *Clwyd*, *Gwledig*, and *Cynddelw* are not very intelligible.

NOTES.

We have not had a new "Temple Primer" for some time. An addition to the series is now made in the shape of a little book on "Sick Nursing," by Mr. H. Drinkwater.

Among the enterprises comprised under the general title of "The Shakespeare Library" (Duffield) is an edition of the plays in the spelling of the best quarto and folio texts. The first play to be published in this "Old-Spelling Shakespeare" is "Loues Labors Lost," edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall.

An event of interest to book lovers and collectors is the sale, at auction, of some eight hundred old English books, including scarce and valuable works on Ireland, on early printing, etc. Catalogues may be had by addressing the Williams, Barker & Severn Co., 187 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

A small volume of *Character Portraits from Dickens*, by Mr. Charles Welsh, gives us brief summaries, with

references for further information, of about one hundred and fifty of the characters that have their being in the world of the novelist's creation. It is published by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co.

A series of books entitled "On American Holidays" has been planned by Messrs. Moffat, Yard, & Co., and the first volume, "Christmas," edited by Mr. Robert Haven Schauffler, is now ready. It is essentially a book of selections, in verse and prose, relating to the origin, celebration, and significance of the day.

The important monograph on "The Inheritance Tax," by Mr. Max West, much revised and enlarged from its original form, is issued from the Columbia University Press. This form of taxation is very much "in the air" just at present, and it is well to know what other countries have done with it. Mr. West's discussion is both historical and theoretical, and is a very thorough piece of work.

From the Cambridge University Press (Macmillan) comes an edition of "The Poems of William Dunbar," edited, with the necessary apparatus (considerable in this case), by Mr. H. Bellyse Bailldon. This is a publication that scholars will welcome, since the earlier editions "are now all difficult and costly to procure," while this one is compact and inexpensive, besides embodying the best modern scholarship.

A new edition of George Palmer Putnam's "Tabular View of Universal History," continued to date by Messrs. Lynde E. Jones and Simeon Strunsky, is published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. This chronological conspectus of the world's history, with its useful arrangement in parallel columns, is of great value to both teachers and students, and in its present modernized form, should find its career of helpfulness considerably prolonged.

"The Modern Reader's Bible," as now published by the Macmillan Co. for Professor R. G. Moulton, represents what may be taken as a fairly definitive form of a work that has had various earlier appearances, and to which the editor has devoted a large part of his life. The text is that of the Revised Version, with modifications. Printed upon thin paper, the volume contains nearly eighteen hundred pages, and is not unwieldy at that.

Sir George Trevelyan, browsing among the books of Macaulay, has found so much entertainment in the marginal notes with which they are plentifully provided that he has thought it worth while to take the public into his confidence. The result is a little book entitled "Marginal Notes by Lord Macaulay," which affords delightful reading of the chatty sort, and leaves us with the wish that there were much more of it. Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. are the publishers.

Three new volumes are added by the Oliver Ditson Co. to their "Musicians' Library." One of them is the first volume of a "Bach Piano Album," edited by Mr. Ebenezer Prout. It includes shorter compositions only — preludes, dances, inventions, symphonies, and suites — to the number of about fifty. Another of the volumes is devoted to Haydn, and contains twenty compositions for piano, eleven of them being sonatas. It is edited by Mr. Xaver Scharwenka. The third volume, edited by Mr. Carl Armbruster, gives us "Wagner Lyrics for Baritone and Bass." All the music-dramas are represented, excepting "Rienzi," and we have in addition two early ballads, "Der Tannenbaum" and "Die Beiden Grenadiere."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 94 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Correspondence of James McHenry. By Bernard C. Steiner. With portraits, large 8vo, pp. 640. Cleveland, O.: Burrows Brothers Co. \$6. net.

Velasquez: An Account of His Life and Works. By Albert F. Calvert and C. Gasquoine Hartley. Illus., 12mo, gilt top. "Spanish Series." John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.

HISTORY.

The English Reformation and Puritanism, and Other Lectures and Addresses. By Eri B. Hulbert; with a Memorial, edited by A. R. E. Wyant. With portrait, large 8vo, gilt top. pp. 484. University of Chicago Press. \$2.50 net.

The Early Age of Greece. By William Ridgeway. Vol. I., illus., 8vo, pp. 684. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Fallen Stuarts. By F. W. Head. 12mo, uncut, pp. 356. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Primitive Athens as Described by Thucydides. By Jane Ellen Harrison. Illus., 12mo, pp. 188. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Legislature of the Province of Virginia: Its Internal Development. By Elmer I. Miller. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 182. Macmillan Co. Paper.

Hakluyt Society Publications, Second Series. New vols.: *The History of the Incas, and The Guanches of Tenerife*. Trans. and edited, with Notes and Introductions, by Sir Clements Markham. Each illus., 8vo, uncut. London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Petrarch and the Ancient World. By Pierre de Nolhac. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 121. "The Humanists' Library." Boston: Merrymount Press. \$6. net.

Studies in Poetry. By Stopford A. Brooke. With photogravure portrait, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 255. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75 net.

A History of Classical Scholarship, from the Sixth Century B.C. to the End of the Middle Ages. By John Edwin Sandys. Second edition: illus., 12mo, pp. 702. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Essays and Addresses. By Sir Richard Jebb. 8vo, gilt top, pp. 648. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

National Life and Character in the Mirror of Early English Literature. By Edmund Dale. Large 8vo, pp. 328. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

French Romanticism and the Press, "The Globe." By T. R. Davies. 12mo, pp. 224. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

The Novels and Tales of Henry James. New York edition. First vols.: Roderick Hudson, and The American. Each illus. in photogravure, etc., 8vo, gilt top. Charles Scribner's Sons. Per vol. \$2.

The Works of Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel). Edgewood edition. Concluding vols.: English Lands, Letters and Kings (the later Georges to Victoria), American Lands and Letters (3 vols.). Each illus. in photogravure, etc., 12mo, gilt top. Charles Scribner's Sons. Per vol. \$1.50.

Plays and Poems of Beaumont and Fletcher. Edited by A. R. Waller. Vol. V., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 399. "Cambridge English Classics." G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Poems of William Dunbar. Edited by H. Ballye Biddle. 12mo, pp. 322. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2. net.

Loues Labors Lost. Edited by F. J. Furnivall. 8vo, pp. 82. "The Old Spelling Shakespeare." Duffield & Co. \$1. net.

Poetical Works of Wallace Bruce. In 3 vols., each 12mo, gilt top. New York: Bryant Union Co. \$2.

BOOKS OF VERSE.

Christine, and Other Poems. By George Henry Miles. With photogravure frontispiece, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 191. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1. net.

The Pilgrim Jester. By Arthur E. J. Legge. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 187. John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.

A Rose of the Old Regime. By the Bentzett Bard (Folger McKinsey). 12mo, pp. 190. Baltimore: Doxey Book Shop Co.

The Passing of Time. By William de Forest Thomson. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 77. New York: Robert Grier Cooke.

The Months. By James Vila Blake. 12mo, pp. 207. Boston: James H. West Co.

Poems and Translations. By Frederic Rowland Marvin. 8vo, gilt top, pp. 164. Troy, N. Y.: Pfaets Book Co.

FICTION.

The Great Secret. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illus., 12mo, pp. 228. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.

Janet of the Dunes. By Harriet T. Comstock. Illus., 12mo, pp. 297. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.

At the Foot of the Rainbow. By Gene Stratton-Porter. Illus. in color, 12mo, pp. 258. Outing Publishing Co. \$1.50.

The Loom of the Desert. By Idaho Meacham Strobridge. Illus., 8vo, pp. 146. Los Angeles: Privately printed. \$1.75.

The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary. By Anne Warner. Players' edition; illus., 12mo, pp. 323. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.

Scars on the Southern Seas. By George Bronson-Howard. Illus. in color, 12mo, pp. 313. B. W. Dodge & Co. \$1.50.

The Angel and the Outcast. By G. Colmore. New edition: 12mo, pp. 341. Brentano's. \$1.50.

Gotty and the Guv'nor. By Arthur E. Copping. Illus., 12mo, pp. 352. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50.

A Princess and Another. By Stephen Jenkins. With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 404. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.25 net.

The Scarlet Shadow: A Story of the Great Colorado Conspiracy. By Walter Hurt. 12mo, pp. 418. Girard, Kan.: Appeal Publishing Co. \$1.50.

Stories of Jewish Home Life. By S. H. Mosenthal; trans. from the German. 12mo, pp. 387. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America.

POLITICS.—ECONOMICS.—SOCIOLOGY.

The Negro Races: A Sociological Study. By Jerome Dowd. Vol. I., 8vo, pp. 493. Macmillan Co. \$2.50 net.

The Economic History of the United States. By Ernest Ludlow Bogart. Illus., 12mo, pp. 522. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.75 net.

The Raid on Prosperity. By James Roscoe Day. New edition: 12mo, pp. 352. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50 net.

The Wisdom of the Wise: Three Lectures on Free Trade Imperialism. By W. Cunningham. 12mo, pp. 125. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Distribution of Ownership. By Joseph Harding Underwood. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 218. Macmillan Co. Paper.

The Inheritance Tax. By Max West. New edition, revised and enlarged; large 8vo, uncut, pp. 249. Macmillan Co. Paper.

Kinship Organizations and Group Marriage in Australia. By Northcote W. Thomas. 8vo, pp. 163. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Pekin to Paris: An Account of Prince Borghese's Journey across Two Continents in a Motor-Car. By Luigi Barzini; trans. by L. P. de Castelvetro. With Introduction by Prince Borghese. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, pp. 642. Mitchell Kennerley. \$5. net.

Travelers' Railway Guide: Western Section. 8vo, pp. 542. Chicago: American Railway Guide Co. Paper, 25 cts.

RELIGION.

Christian Science: The Faith and its Founder. By Lyman P. Powell. 12mo, pp. 261. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.

Systematic Theology. By Augustus Hopkins Strong. Vol. II. "The Doctrine of Man." Large 8vo, pp. 776. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. \$2.50 net.

Positive Preaching and Modern Mind. By P. T. Forsyth. 8vo, pp. 374. Jennings & Graham. \$1.75 net.

Christian Agnosticism as Related to Christian Knowledge. By E. H. Johnson; edited, with Biographical Sketch and an Appreciation, by Henry C. Vedder. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 302. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. \$1.

Where Knowledge Fails. By Earl Barnes; with Introduction by Edward Howard Griggs. 12mo, pp. 60. "Art of Life Series." New York: B. W. Huebsch. 50 cts. net.

The Jataka; or, Stories of the Buddha's Former Births. Vol. VI., trans. by E. B. Cowell and W. H. D. Rouse. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 314. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. Edited by Albert Henry Smyth. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 286. American Book Co. 60 cts.

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